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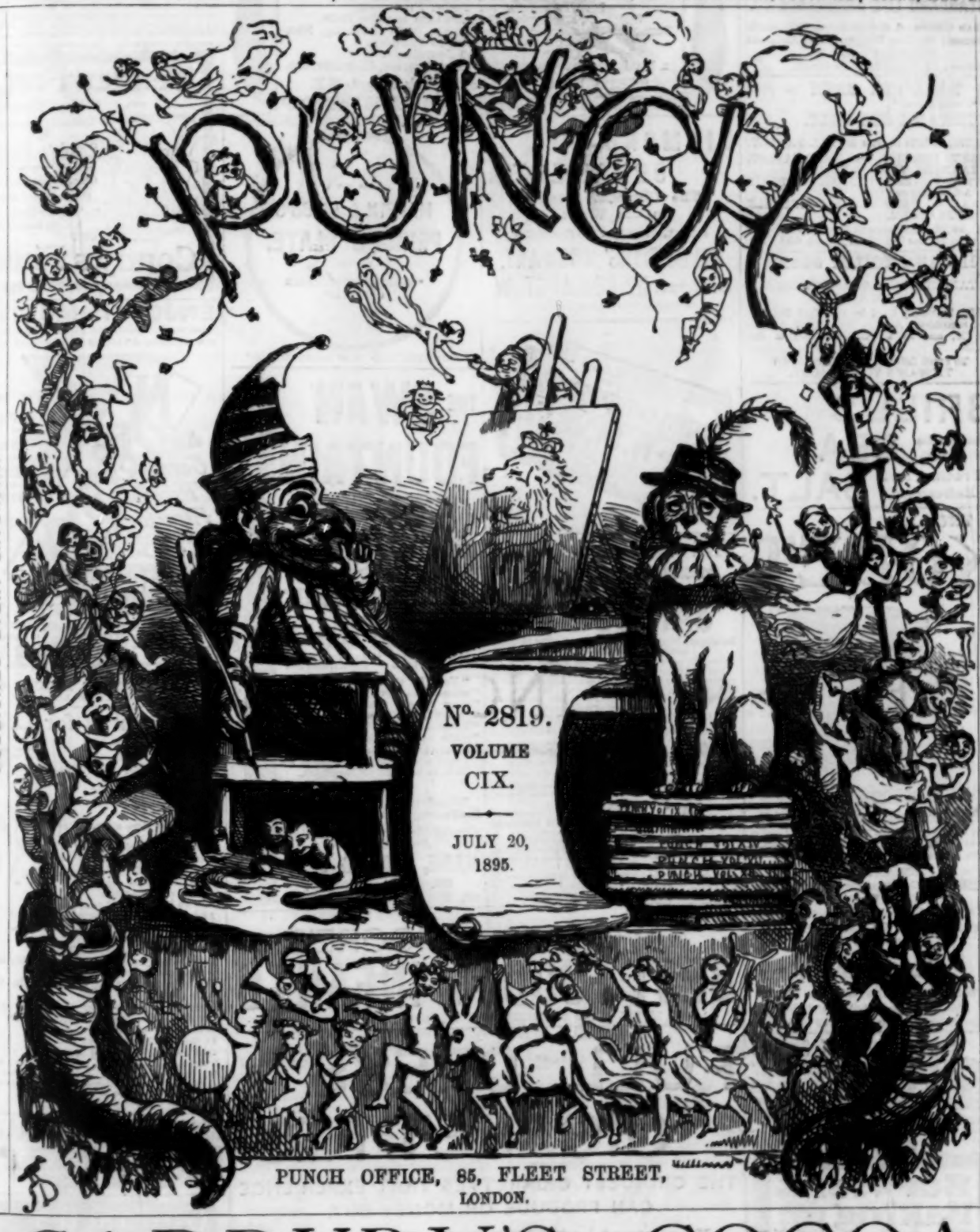

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THE CHOICEST CIGARETTES THAT EXPERIENCE CAN PRODUCE OR MONEY BUY.
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String band, electric light, electric bells, hot and cold baths, high-class cuisine. Managers: F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Offices, Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West-End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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The "NIBESTOS" FILTER CO.,
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Is the despairing cry of thousands afflicted with unsightly skin diseases.
Do you realize what this disfiguration means to sensitive souls?
It means isolation, seclusion.
It is a bar to social and business success.
Do you wonder that despair seizes upon these sufferers when
Doctors fail, standard remedies fail,
And nostrums prove worse than useless?
Skin Diseases are most obstinate to cure.
CUTICURA REMEDIES
Have earned the title Skin Specifics,
Because for years they have met with most remarkable success.
There are cases that they cannot cure, but they are few indeed.
It is no long-drawn-out expensive experiment.
One Shilling invested in CUTICURA SOAP
Will prove more than we dare claim.
In short CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS,
And its cures are simply marvellous.
Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 2s. 3d.; SOAP, 1s.; RESOLVENT, 2s. 7d.; or the set, post free, for 5s. 6d., of F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1, King Edward Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.
"How to Cure Skin Disease," post free.

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.
The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncé" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using ÆRINE. Sold only by W. WINTER, 472, Oxford St., London. Price 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair ÆRINE is invaluable.

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Sold Everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

TO A LADY HUMORIST.

Your laugh would chase away the blues,
Your smile is always sunny,
One must be gay—who could refuse?
Your "mission" is just to amuse;
Discarding all blue-stocking views,
You fancy what is funny.

You have no fads on Man's Descent
From something quite atomic,
On Diet, Disestablishment,
On Dress, Diminishing of Rent,
Divorce or Dockyard Discontent—
You seek for something comic.

You wear no hygienic shoe,
Your dress is never frightful,
Your sense of humour makes you too
Alive to what you should not do,
You laugh at folks, not they at you,
You write what's quite delightful.

So laugh, and always make us gay;
Stern women are alarming,
The boldest men, I need not say,
Are simply scared by such as they,
You do not bore us, anyway.
Your conversation's charming.

Unmetrical Adaptation of Robbie Burns' celebrated Line to the "New Woman," whether in male attire on or off Bicycle, in her Club, driving her trap, &c., &c.—"A woman's a woman for a' that."

SPORTING EVENT—A RECORD.

SHE WON THE SWEEP!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Of Mr. ATHOL MAYHEW'S *History of Punch* the Baron can at present say nothing, no copy of this work having as yet been brought to Our Booking Office, and without a ticket-of-leave, or ticket-for-leaves, granted by *Mr. Punch* himself, per the Baron de B.-W., the book of MAHU ("MODO he is called and MAHU," as SHIRLEY BROOKS used to quote from *King Lear*) will not have received *the* "imprimatur." Already it appears, as we read in a letter from Mr. HENRY SPIELMANN (who, if any man living knows anything about *Mr. Punch's* history, is the Punchian Biographer and Historian *par excellence* and "by appointment") to the *Daily Chronicle*, Friday, July 12, that in Mr. MAYHEW'S book there are numerous errors on important matters. "*Mayhew-manum est errare.*" But "HERR VON SPIELMANN will put him right in his forthcoming book," says THE JUDICIOUS BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA PROVERB.—"When in doubt play *Faust*."

"HAPPY THOUGHT!" (*A propos of a recent case in the Marylebone Police Court*).—What a good title for an old-fashioned pantomime in the East End (where *the* real pantomimes used to be): "*Harlequin and the Mysterious Manx Mannikins; or, Snapshot and the Demon Camera!*"

BRIGGS, OF BALLIOL.

PART II.

Two years passed, and never a syllable could I learn of BRIGGS. Then I met TROTTER of Trinity at Piccadilly Circus. "By the way," said he, "I suppose you have heard about poor old BRIGGS?" "No!" I cried. "What of him?" "Oh, I thought you would be sure to know, or I would have broken it to you more gently." "Why?" I asked, with apprehension. "Has anything happened to him?" "Well," he replied, with some hesitation, "I—er—I hardly like to tell you. You were such a friend of his." "You don't mean to say that he is——?" "Dead? No, poor fellow, not dead exactly, but worse than that, I fear. He has become a New Man, you see." I looked at TROTTER in bewilderment. "Why, you see, he is married—yes, he married the O'GRESS, you know. Poor BRIGGS! I saw him yesterday, and, upon my word, I should scarcely have known him. But go and see him yourself; you will never believe my story."

TROTTER wrote me the address on a card, and the next day I called. The maid looked somewhat surprised when I asked for Mr. BRIGGS. He was at home, oh, yes, he was at home, but she didn't know whether he could see me or not, as he was feeding the baby. This announcement rather staggered me, but I pulled myself together sufficiently to assure her that I was an old friend of Mr. BRIGGS; and, on learning this, she asked me to walk upstairs. "This is the nursery," she said, when we had reached the topmost storey. "You will find Mr. BRIGGS inside."

I opened the door, and what a scene greeted me! There was BRIGGS, my old friend BRIGGS, the gallant BRIGGS of Balliol, rocking ceaselessly to and fro the while he crooned in a low monotone to a bundle of pins and flannel that lay cradled in his arms. I sprang forward to grip him by the hand. He laid his finger on his lips, and in an agonised whisper murmured, "Sh!—You'll wake the baby!" I controlled myself, and sank into a chair, to which he motioned me. BRIGGS hushed the infant anxiously for a minute or two until it was well asleep; then he turned to me, and with a sickly smile whispered, "I'm glad to see you, ROBINSON, but please talk very gently, for fear of waking the Cutsababoo."

It grieved me to hear poor BRIGGS talk in this fashion, but there were a thousand questions I was burning to ask him.

"Oh, BRIGGS, why did you leave Balliol so suddenly?" "Sh!" he answered, looking nervously round him. "*She* took me away." "And why did you never write to anyone?" "Sh! *She* forbade me." "Forbade you?" "Yes, yes, indeed. Oh, ROBINSON, you do not know my wife!" I was inwardly thanking my stars that I had not this honour when BRIGGS, overcome with his emotion, suddenly flung up his arms and covered his face with his hands. The action upset the equilibrium of the baby, which rolled off his lap, fell on the floor, and awoke with a scream. With a cry of dismay BRIGGS caught up the bundle, and tossed it violently up and down, addressing it the while in such intelligible terms as these—"And did it wake its darling ducky Cutsababoo, it did! It was a naughty cruel Dada, it was!"

It would be hard to say which made the greater noise, BRIGGS or the baby; but BRIGGS had the staying power, and after a fight the baby gave it up. BRIGGS gazed at it as it lay exhausted in his arms, then turning to me, he said, "I think the Cutsababoo has done crying now, ROBINSON. Will you excuse me if I sing him to by-byes?" In olden days BRIGGS had a glorious baritone voice, and to hear him sing the Balliol Boating Song was a musical treat. I therefore readily agreed to stay and listen. "The Duckydoo is very particular," explained BRIGGS. "He will only go to sleep to his own ickle tune, *The New Lullaby*.

"Mummy has gone to the city,
Cutsaba—Cutsababoo!
But Mummy will think of her Pretty,
And buy him a little toy too.
Daddy will dandle the Darling,
And show him his beautiful toy.
Hushaby, Pet! Baby, don't fret!
Sleepery, Peepery Boy!

"Mummy is making the money,
Cutsaba—Cutsababoo!
To buy a new bonnet for sonny,
A jacket for Daddykins too.
Daddy will dandle the Darling,
And show him his beautiful toy.
Hushaby, Pet! Baby, don't fret!
Sleepery, Peepery Boy!"

BRIGGS had just reached the end of the second verse when his keenly sensitive ear caught the sound of a latchkey turning in the door. A look of terror crossed his face. "It's *she!* It's *she!*" he cried. "Oh, ROBINSON, if she finds you here! Oh, if you love me, fly!" I needed no second bidding. With a hasty grip of the hand I bade my friend farewell, and this is the last that has been seen of BRIGGS of Balliol.

THE MODERN MAID OF ATHENS.

John Bull (hesitatingly). "MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE 'PART'——"

Maid of Athens * *(interrupting).* "THINK WHAT YOU OWE TO ATTIC ART!"

[At the invitation of H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, a large meeting of those interested in the British School of Art at Athens was held on July 9 in St. James's Palace. The Prince of WALES said: "I sincerely hope we may soon hear that the School has been placed in an assured position for ever."—*Times Report.*] * British School of Archæology.

CUE FOR CANVASSERS.

(By a Cynic.)

["In all the doubtful constituencies the result may be regarded as depending largely upon the persuasion and argument brought to bear upon individual electors."—*The Yorkshire Post.*

PERSUASION? Argument? Very nice names
For Radical Caucusites, Primrose Dames,
And other retailers of party riddles,
Ex parte statements, and taradiddles!
Gregarious voters, of old bribes did you all;
Now argument deals with the "individual."
With the man—or his wife—you must seek occasion,
Canvasser clever, to try "persuasion."
To "argue" that BLOGGS is the likeliest chap
To pour prosperity into your lap;
To "persuade" the Missus that that McQUIRK
Will deprive her "man" of his beer *and* work!
Oh, sweet are the virtues, upon occasion,
Of moral (or even *im*moral) 'suasion!
When blankets run out and when money's all spent,
Then, then comes the value of "argument."
And if the "argument" takes the form
Of orders and jobs in a perfect storm;
And when "persuasion" the future gauges
A promise of liquor and higher wages;
Why, then the result is the same almost,
'Twixt you and me, and the (*Yorkshire*) *Post!*

A DALY SACRIFICE TO SHAKSPEARE.—Again, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY, one of SHAKSPEARE'S comedies is rendered resplendent with appropriate accessories. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, furnished with new illustrations, and sparingly curtailed by necessary "cuts," becomes more poetical than ever. Miss ADA REHAN is a "dream" in herself, and Mr. LEWIS, as an American playing in England, becomes "translated" every evening to the complete satisfaction of an appreciating and crowded audience. The play should run from Midsummer into Michaelmas.

A HENLEY BARCAROLLE.

(By a Parasyllabic Swain.)

MY lovylade, I peg and bray
That you will pun my joint to-day;
And we will, dreaming o'er the stodge,
In some remote lackwater bodge.

We'll take a man JOE, bandoline,
And hick-cup, as we slop between
The bangled tanks—we'll sink and drip,
And strum the things on board our ship.

List to my lovesick, mew, and come
Far from the giddy, higgling gum!
Relaying hearses, we will croon,
And through each glowering hide we'll *spoon!*

ADVERTISEMENT (*in* "*Standard*").—"*Great Yarmouth. Small House. Close Aquarium and sea. Servant left.*" Who was there when "servant left"? Also why "close Aquarium and sea"? Perhaps easy but unwise to close the former, but quite impossible to shut up the latter.

"GOOD BIS"-LEY. "TELL THAT TO THE MARINES."—The United Services Cup was adjudged to the Marines at Bisley. In this competition the Marines were the best, "all told."

A LABOUR OF LOVE!

Benevolent Lady (*who has with infinite trouble organised a Country Excursion for some overworked London Dressmakers*). "THEN MIND YOU 'BE AT THE STATION AT NINE TO-MORROW, ELIZA. I DO HOPE IT WON'T RAIN!"

"*RINE*, MISS! I 'OWP NOT, TO BE SURE! THE COUNTRY 'S BAD ENOUGH WHEN IT 'S *FOINE*, YN'T IT, MISS!"

A SMOKING CHRISTIAN CONCERT.—In these smoking hot July days a Smoking Mission seems a good notion. Yet the Baccy-nalian missionaries may probably have to say, "We have pipe'd unto you, and you have not responded," except as long as the supply held out. Will there be distributed tracts entitled *A Bird's Eye View of Heaven*, *A Short Cut to Truth*, *Returns to Virtue*, *What is Life?—A Mixture!*

PROVERB À PROPOS OF LATEST NEW WALTZ, "KING GRETCHEN."—"It's the last STRAUSS that breaks the record."

BAWBEES ACROSS THE BORDER.—The *Dundee Advertiser* has recently published a table showing the distribution of Ministerial salaries amongst Peers, Liberal Unionists, and Scotchmen. According to our canny contemporary, "Scotland fares badly in the new Administration." The reason for this lament is found in the fact that the share of Caledonia—"the spoil is taken chiefly by the Clan Balfour," remarks the *D. A.*—amounts only to £12,425. And yet this sum represents the "banging" of a good many "saxpences." North Britain is unreasonable!

WASTING HER SWEETNESS.

(An Electioneering Study.)

ARGUMENT.—Mrs. HORACE HONEYBALL, wife of the Liberal Candidate for a Metropolitan Working-class Constituency, has undertaken in her husband's interests a house-to-house canvass in Bodgers' Buildings.

Mrs. H. H. (to herself, as she threads her way through a grove of drying linen). "I do *wish* they would hang out their washing somewhere else—it 's absolute ruin to one's hat! What a depressing place—but then they 're all the more likely to be on our side. Have I got my canvassing cards and the bundle of leaflets? Yes—then I'd better begin. . . . How do you *do*, Mr. DOLLOP? . . . No, *please* don't move—I see I've come upon you all at your tea. So refreshing on a warm afternoon like this! . . . No, not any for me, thanks, I never touch it—and besides, I had some before I came out, you know. . . . Oh, never mind about wiping a chair for me, Mrs. DOLLOP. . . . Yes, *quite* comfortable, I assure you. What a delightful home you have, with all those charming coloured pictures on the wall, and so *beautifully* clean, too! . . . Ah, if you only knew the trouble and worry of a great house and a whole tribe of servants. . . . But you mustn't say that; *no* one need despair of getting on nowadays, you know. And this is your little boy and girl? such bright, intelligent little faces. Jam *is* so wholesome for them, isn't it? . . . HALBUT and HALICE? Really! such pretty names *I* always think; and both beginning with—er—H. . . . Well, yes, *I have* called on some particular business. I daresay, now, Mr. DOLLOP, you're quite a politician. . . . A plasterer? Now, *how* delightful! Because I must tell you that my husband . . . No, I'm afraid *not*. You see, we've only just had the whole house thoroughly done up. I was only going to say that my husband has such a respect for plasterers as a class, you know. Haven't I mentioned who he is? *How* stupid of me! He 's Mr. HONEYBALL, the Radical Candidate for this place. . . . Yes, I've come about the elections, of course. Oh, but you *ought* to care; I'm sure you're far too intelligent a man to be really indifferent who represents you in Parliament! And my husband is so devoted to the working-classes; it 's been quite the aim of his life to do something for them. His motto is, 'Trust the People.' . . . Oh, *dear* me, no—he 's not a *shopkeeper*—he 's at the Bar. . . . Certainly *not*. He 's in favour of doing *away* with public-houses. He 's a barrister—a *lawyer*, you know. . . . Ah, but perhaps you haven't been fortunate in such lawyers as you 've *met*. . . . Well, but you wouldn't like the *Tories* to get in, *would* you? . . . But they 've *had* their 'innings,' as you call it; they 've been in a whole fortnight—and what have they *done*? . . . And if the Liberal Government is kept out, what will become of all the great reforms they 've been trying to give you? . . . Well, there 's Home Rule, for *one*. . . . Surely you 're in favour of letting the Irish manage their own affairs? . . . No, that 's *such* a mistake; they *won't* want to manage ours—at least, except Imperial matters—and why *shouldn't* they? . . . All that can so easily be settled afterwards. . . . Don't you call 'One man one vote' a great reform? . . . Isn't it monstrous that some people should have five or six votes, while you only have one? . . . It 's foolish to say they 're 'welcome to them,' like that, when they only use them to deprive you of your rights. . . . Then there 's Welsh Disestablishment. . . . Oh, if you really can't see the immense importance of it, all I can say is, I 'm extremely sorry. . . . Yes, I 'm going now, and I hope, before the election day comes, you will have learnt to take a more enlightened—— *Good* afternoon."

"I *love* the smell of tobacco!"

"I 'm so glad to have found you at home, Mr. BILGER. I 'm Mrs. HONEYBALL, and I want you to support my husband at the election—he 's standing as a Liberal, you know. . . . Oh, yes, I think I can tell you his views on the Liquor Traffic. He 's anxious to see the curse of drinking thoroughly stamped out. . . . No, I 'm sure you re no friend to publicans—you look *far* too respectable. . . . Yes, as you say, they get rich on the earnings of the poor, and it 's high time they were done away with. . . . *Certainly* you may ask me a question. . . . No, of course my husband would not *dream* of putting down Clubs: he belongs to several himself. . . . Oh, you meant *Working-men's* Clubs. You belong to one yourself? So *sensible* of you!—and of course there can be no possible objection, so long as no intoxicating liquor—— *Not* conducted on Teetotal principles? I 'm afraid that *would* make a difference. . . . Why? Because, don't you *see*, if people can go and join Clubs, and get drink there, there would be no use in closing the public-houses, *would* there? We must be *logical*. . . . No *doubt* intoxicating drinks are supplied in Clubs, but I don't see what *that* has to do with it. . . . My husband? No, he 's not a total abstainer, but still—— . . . No, no; it 's not a question of one law for the Rich and another for the Poor at *all*. You don't quite *understand*. . . . If you *really* have heard enough, I'll go, of course. . . . Not at all. If anything I 've said has helped you in making up your mind, I 'm only too—— Don't trouble to come to the door!"

"Mrs. MANGLES, I think? Your husband *not* at home, I see. It doesn't matter—you will do *quite* as well. I 'm Mrs. HONEYBALL. . . . Oh, you *have* heard the name. . . . Seen my husband's picture on the placards? Oh, you 're not taking a liberty in the very *least*. I shall be only too *delighted* to give you one. He *is* rather nice-looking, isn't he? I'll tell you what I'll do—when I get home, I'll send you one of his photographs to put on your mantelpiece. . . . Oh, I *don't* think I should have it coloured, if I were you. . . . But his hair and moustache aren't *auburn*, and what *do* you want to put him in a red tunic for? . . . Really? The living image of your first young man? He *will* be flattered! . . . You've had several since? I can quite believe *that*. . . . Well, if you will promise to get your husband to give me his vote, perhaps—— *Why* should I have to go to the—er—'Cimingtery' for it? . . . Last Christmas? —*dear* me! I 'm very sorry I —— Good-bye, Mrs. MANGLES; and—er—if I *do* find I have a photograph to spare—— but the portrait of him on that leaflet is really more *like*, you know!"

"No, don't put *down* your pipe, Mr. GOWLES; I—I *love* the smell of tobacco! . . . You weren't *intending* to—how friendly of you! . . . I daresay you don't know who *I* am? . . . Perhaps not, but you'll let me *tell* you, won't you? . . . I've come to ask you to vote for my husband, Mr. HONEYBALL; he's not a *Tory*, you know, he's a thorough-going Radical. . . . Not going to vote for either of them? —Now *why*? . . . Oh, no, I'm *sure* you're not—you're *much* too pleasant and gentlemanly to be a horrid Socialist! . . . You want everything done away with? Well, the Liberals *are* going to abolish a lot of things. There 's the House of Lords, for instance, you're against *them*, I'm sure . . . Not more than you are against the House of Commons? Oh, but you don't *really* want to destroy one of our most ancient institutions! . . . Capitalists? oh, they 're sharks and bloodsuckers and landgrabbers and all that, I *quite* agree with you there—only they're all *Tories*, you know. . . . Why shouldn't you share in all the wealth you 're assisting to produce? Why are you to be robbed of the product of your brain and hands?—I really don't know—it 's very wrong, no doubt—what *do* you produce? . . . Oh,

you 're a bill-poster? I *see*. Now don't get excited.... Your only hope is in the Gospel of Hate?... Now *really*, such a *disagreeable* thing to say!... If I could only bring you to see that by voting for the Liberals——... I'm *not* a smooth-tongued humbug, and it's extremely rude of you to call me anything of the kind.... I never said you hadn't a perfect right to vote as you pleased.... Very *well*, then, *keep* your horrible vote, I'm sure *I* don't want it! (*To herself, as she departs.*) I shall go home. If I see any more of these people, I shall find I've turned into a rabid Tory—and I'm sure HORACE wouldn't like that!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

MONDAY memorable for MELBA. Never sang better than as mad-as-a-hatter heroine of DONIZETTI'S *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Three hearty, deafening, unanimous encores for the brilliant fireworky Hanwellian vocalisation in LUCY'S (not "H. W. LUCY'S," of the *D. N.*, but Miss LUCIA'S) great *de lunatico inquirendo* scena. After encore, inevitable gigantic basket of flowers handed up to triumphant cantatrice by Beaming BEVIGNANI and talented assistants in orchestra. Conductor and musicians ought not to be used as agents for delivery of bouquets to *prime donne*. If somebody among audience wishes to publicly present singer with floral testimonial, why not let that Somebody step forward (as the person in church who would "forbid the banns" is invited to do) and hand it to her himself on a stick? Or if he be in some other part of the house, DULCISSIMUS DRURIOLANUS would himself introduce him and his basket of flowers on to, and off, the stage. The encores and the floral testimonial quite turned mad heroine's head. That is, so turned it round again that she became quite sane and chatted amicably with two or three of the leading chorus "up stage" until it suddenly occurred to her that she must go mad again, which she did at once, most effectively. After this "*Fra poco*," the swan-like (if swan a tenor) death-song of *Edgardo*, cannot go for its value unless sung by a most popular and highly-gifted tenor. So it stands to the credit of Signor DASH-MY-VIGNAS that, in this, he was enthusiastically applauded, and soon after "laid him down and dee'd" in the midst of an admiring and more-or-less sympathetic Chorus. Great opera for Chorus giving expression to their feelings. How they cry or laugh, and point and gesticulate and threaten and sympathise as guests in low dresses without anything distinctively Scotch about them, except in the case of one lady over whose shoulder I fancy I detected a tartan scarf of clannish pattern. *Normanno*, played by, I think, IGINIO CORSI (which name, in compliment to the national Scotch liquor, ought to have been changed to "IWISKIO CORSI"), bore remarkable resemblance to Markis o' SALISBURY. I do not remember ever having seen or heard Lord SALISBURY as a vocalist. To be remembered as *The* MELBA Night of the Season—up to now.

Calvé à la "'Ria."

Wednesday.—CALVÉ as *Carmen* simply perfect. That is all I have to say; like the Raven (not *Barnaby Rudge's*, but EDGAR A. POE'S), I announce "Only this, and Nothing More." And ALVAREZ as *José*, "Gentleman JOE," who does not drive, but is driven to madness, first-rate; in last scene, struggle and assassination most thrilling, dramatically: even stall-by-the-season'd opera-goers holding breath, and clutching at backs of seats. Audience, ordinarily indifferent to fate of heroine in last act, wait till bitter end. They only quit when quite sure *Carmen* cannot possibly sing any more. Madame MELBA, who, *by request of the Management*"—how modes'ly is this put, O DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS!—"*has kindly consented to play Michaela*," exceeded the terms of her amiable contract, as she not only "played" *Michaela*, but sang the music superbly, her singing being faultless, which her "playing" was not. MOSSOO ALBERS rather out of it as *Escamillo*, and *Toréador* was not an Encoreador, whereat *Toréador non contento*. All the principals sang in French, "knowing the language," but clever Chorus stuck to Italian. *Benissimo!* BEVIGNANI beaming, and beating time. House crowded; elections and political parties disturb not the harmony of Covent Garden. Yet "last week but one" announced, and end in view. WAGSTAFF, seeing CALVÉ in first act with scarf or belt round waist, suggests riddle, "Why is CALVÉ a perfect *Carmen?*" Before you can break away from him, without damage to your button-hole, he answers, "Because she plays the part with *a-band-on*." *Exit* WAGSTAFF.

Friday.—*Pagliacci*.—A new *Nedda* in Mlle. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN. *Nedda* is rather a Loose'un, and Mlle. ZÉLIE is as good a *Nedda* as you can get "when t'other dear charmer's away." Then to follow, CALVÉ in *Calvé-'lleria Rusticana* admirably dramatic. Can't believe this Magdalenish saint-like woman can possibly be that deuce of a young woman, *Carmen*, of t'other night. But "*Fœmina varium et mutabile* (also *cantabile*) *semper*." All the others good as ever, specially GIULIA RAVOGLI, as the gay *Lo-la-li-ely*.

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

THE hedgehog is sometimes accused of helping himself to a drink from a recumbent cow, but his larger relative, the domestic pig, is to be even still more commended for his enterprise. According to the *Western Daily Mercury*, in a farmyard in the parish of Uffculme a pig was observed to rear on his hind legs and suck milk from a cow. This sight must have enormously impressed the spectator. But it ought to have been a dog.

SURELY a Radical Unionist is a new departure in politics. Mr. STRAUSS, who is opposing Mr. CONYBEARE, M.P. for the Camborne division of Cornwall, in reply to a question at Cusgarne said that he was a Radical Unionist, but the name Liberal was good enough for him. Mr. STRAUSS is to be congratulated on his new political "Doctrinen"; but, if he should succeed in defeating Mr. CONYBEARE, he seems likely to lead the Whips a pretty dance.

IT seems a little hard on a Parliamentary candidate when he is seriously misrepresented by his own friends. This is what Mr. MICHAEL WILLIAMS has suffered in the St. Austell division of Cornwall at the hands of his friend Canon BUSH. With every intention of doing Mr. WILLIAMS a good turn, the worthy Canon fired off a letter in the local press containing a serious misquotation of a speech said to have been made by Mr. WILLIAMS about the false doctrines of the Nonconformists. The explosion of this shell in the Nonconformist camp has not improved Mr. WILLIAMS'S chance of success, and he probably believes in the truth of the old saying, that "Good wine needs no Bush."

A PULL ALL TOGETHER.—What our forefathers would have called "seeking an explanation from one's representative," is now, in these days of political slang, known as "pulling your member's leg!" Witness what happened in West Fife:

"Mr. WEMYSS said, that if they returned him they would have the advantage of being able to run down to WEMYSS when he did anything wrong and pull his leg at the cost of a sixpence in train money, whereas, if they wanted to pull Mr. BIRRELL over the coals, it would cost them £3 to go to London."

The electors would certainly seem to "have the pull" by Mr. WEMYSS'S proximity; but why didn't some heckler retort by saying that in pulling a candidate's leg voters must be careful not to get hold of a calf?

SLOW TRAINING.—The Cork County National Teachers' Association has passed a resolution that "*for* the sixth class" the geography of the British Isles is enough, and "that the British Colonies be held over till the examination in the second year." But how will the British Colonies like being held over? And is not Ireland itself going to be a self-governing British Colony—some day? But that idea, too, seems "held over" for the present. The National Teachers, however, are true Nationalists, because they also resolved that "Professors of Irish should be appointed in all the Training Colleges." If females, they will be expected to wear the Celtic fringe, of course.

READY AND WILLING (*in the Cornell-Leander Fiasco*).—One crew wasn't "ready," but the starter was "WILLAN"—like *Barkis*. The Cornell crew was ready and willin'. So they had the starter with them at all events; and, they started. Angry partisans described the proceeding as "Willanous." So it was,—from one point of view.

ELECTION PARADOXES.—Standing for a seat, and running against a sitting Member.

THE GENERAL ELECTION CRY.—"Take your seats, Gentlemen!"

AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

The Professor (who has just come back from the North Pole). "——AND THE FAUNA OF THESE INHOSPITABLE REGIONS IS AS POOR AS THE FLORA! YOU COULDN'T NAME A DOZEN ANIMALS WHO MANAGE TO LIVE THERE."

Mrs. Malapert. "OH—I DARE SAY I COULD!"

The Professor. "REALLY—WHAT *ARE* THEY?"

Mrs. Malapert. "WELL, NOW—FIVE POLAR BEARS, LET US SAY, AND—AND SEVEN SEALS!"

IL "TRUE BLUE" INGLESE.

All' illustrissimo Signor Punch.

ILLUSTRIOUSEST SIR,—I feel myself in duty of to write to her these few lines for to tell to her the my opinion of the of her country. Ah, the beautiful England! One speaks in Italy of the *cielo inglese*, when the sky is grey and overcast. For the first time I come now in the my ship to the of her country. *Ecco*, the sky is blue! In the our country so many things are blue—the sky, the sea, the lakes, the distant mountains, but in the our language not there is the word "blue." One says "azure" or "turquoise," but not the general term "blue." Therefore before I come to England I think, "We italians see the colour blue, but not can say it, and these english have the word, but see never the colour." And *ecco* I arrive, and the sky is blue! Not it is the blue of Napoli, not it is the blue of Genova, and perhaps it is to-day only, but *veramente* it is blue. It is much curious.

Also I have found other things blue. Some time the sea is pale blue. Some time the milk is pale blue. And one english says to me, "The sea was rough and the wind blue," but this not can I understand. The his friends say he likes chaff. *Diavolo*, what taste! But perhaps the chaff is much helpful for the digestion, like the english brown bread, which some brave men eat. The his friends say also, "He chaffs till all is blue." Perhaps when one eats the chaff the eyesight is altered, It is much curious. There are other things blue in England. There are "the blues." One my friend says to me that this phrase is the french *ennui*. Then I have not it seen yet, for it is always *festa* since our arrival. I have heard that the blues are at Oxford and at Cambridge, above all at the College of Girton. But the evening past I saw the blue the most beautiful. Ah, the exquisite eyes! Ah, *la bellissima signorina inglese!* so graceful, so courteous, so beautiful! And the her eyes were blue, so blue! Never have I seen a colour so sweet. The sea at Napoli, the sky at Palermo, the lake at Bellagio—it seems to me that they are grey and ugly when I think to the her eyes.

Ah, Signor *Punch*, Her is a man, Her can love, Her, I know it, admires the beauty of the women! So to her I tell that those blue eyes have hit the heart of the italian. Not in Italy, but in England, one sees the blue the most divine.

Her I beg to accept the my compliments and I have the honour to say myself

Her Devotedest Servant,

ANDREA DORIA DANDOLO VESPUCCI-COLOMBO.

ORDER! ORDER!

["Colonel NORTH bases his appeal for support on the plea that he will see to it that West Leeds gets its full share of whatever work may be going."—*Leeds Mercury.*]

O "DARK and true and tender is the NORTH!"
And wondrous service to West Leeds he'll render;
He'll see, when Government work is going forth,
West Leeds shall have its chance—at least to tender.
"Orders are heaven's first law." That is the kernel
Of the "dear Colonel's" creed; and it contents
Those who to Governments raise the cry eternal
Of "Give your orders, Gents!"

ECHOES FROM THE POLLS.

ELECTED am I? Well, I am really much obliged.

Oh, certainly, shall be truly delighted to do anything in my power.

Fancy in these hard times that it is a little difficult to increase a subscription list.

Only too pleased, but must be rather careful not to infringe the Bribery Acts.

Truly intend to live up to my opinions. Would not alter them for worlds.

Cannot recall everything I said during the heat of the election, and probably was imperfectly reported.

Do not claim any more liberty of action than to obey the dictates of my conscience.

Afraid cannot adequately represent every phase of political opinion.

Will give as much satisfaction in Westminster as practicable.

Party arguments are rather superfluous after the contest, and therefore have to be avoided.

Sorry cannot stay longer in the Division itself, as my presence is required within the precincts of St. Stephen's.

Would have the greatest pleasure in life to discuss all these matters of controversy at another time.

Sorry cannot give exact date, but why not say just before the next General Election?

MEMORABLE.—Wednesday, July 10th. Evening Fête at Botanical Gardens. *No Rain!!*

OLD WARDER WILLIAM.

THE VETERAN (*loquitur*). "DEAR ME! WHAT *HAS* BECOME OF HARCOURT?"

EX-HON. PRIVATE A. BRIEFLESS, JUN., ON THE I. O. C. R. V. C. AT BISLEY.

IT is scarcely necessary to say that during the sitting of the Courts I have little time for what may be termed recreation. So when I visited Bisley on the occasion of the competition for the Ashburnham Shield, it was in a semi-military and semi-forensic capacity. It was no doubt pleasing to see one's schoolfellows of a later generation maintaining the *prestige* of a common *Alma Mater*; but the chief attraction in my eyes of the successor to Wimbledon was the presence under canvas of much that is left of the "Devil's Own." And here let me pause for a moment to discuss the traditional derivation of the alternative title of the Inns of Court Rifle Volunteer Corps. I believe His late Majesty King WILLIAM THE FOURTH (of marine memory) is usually believed to have been the first to call his lawyer warriors by the name that, to certain minds, has had since an unsympathetic significance. I am of opinion that the Sailor Sovereign merely confirmed a title that had already been obtained by usage. It is more than possible that the initial supporters of the I. O. C. R. V. C. were counsel seldom holding briefs of their own, but frequently appearing as "learned" but absent "friends." It is needless to hint to the Bench and Bar that I refer to "devils." If my assumption is correct, then indeed would the Battalion be justly known to fame as "the Devil's Own."

The Skeleton of a Regiment.

I wish I could deny the reports that have found their way into the papers that the I. O. C. R. V. C. is less prosperous than it was of yore. Personally, I have it on my conscience that I have not for many years appeared on parade. To the best of my belief I have only once joined the ranks. The occasion was a prize distribution in Lincoln's Inn Hall. As an honorary member I was posted in the front rank of "A" Company. Then came the perplexing command, "Fours right," which, so far as I was concerned, ended in disaster. A little later I retired from all active military service, and have remained in retreat ever since. Still, at the sound of the bugle my pulse quickens, and I feel that had I chosen the Tented Field instead of the Forum for the exercise of my professional duties my career would not have suffered in prosperity from the alteration. In fact, I believe that with the conditions changed I should have had just as good a chance of becoming Commander-in-Chief as Lord Chancellor. But these are regrets that are out of place in the columns of a periodical that guards the interests of the universe in general, while fostering the loftiest aspirations of the legal profession in particular. So I cast them aside as unworthy the attention of a counsel, a soldier, and a gentleman.

Let me return to the I. O. C. R. V. C. at Bisley. I found "those of the faithful who have been true to their trust" defending themselves—there was no trace of defiance in the action—from the fierce fire of the noonday sun by wearing straw hats and sporting flannels. It was a pretty picture, that made by the martial lawyers at their mid-day parade. The tents, the tubs, the kitchen utensils, and last, but not least, the mess-house, with its dining saloon and ante-room. Alas, that the stability of the latter should be inappropriate! Alas, that the corps, once the pride of the Volunteer Service, should be reduced to four companies, and (so I believe) have lost its adjutant! Ichabod! How the mighty have fallen!

As I watched the sad and yet impressive tableau old memories flocked upon me. Where was the private who caricatured his Colonel, and showed how a shako could be combined with a horse-hair wig, and yet look military and forensic? Where was the lance corporal who invariably confirmed his captain's commands with an "as your Lordship pleases?" Where was the rear-rank wag who, on being told to charge, said he "must leave that sort of thing to his clerk, who kept his fee-book?" Where was the vocalist who would sing the songs of J. L. MOLLOY, Barrister-at-Law, and knew the ins and outs of "The Maske of Flowers?" All of them gone, and their places scarcely filled by new comers! And, as I gazed upon an energetic private of the I. O. C. R. V. C., apparently preparing to meet the demands of an expected detachment of hungry lunchers, I wondered whether anything could be done to revive the fortunes of the Grand Old Battalion. Could the hours of leisure of the warriors be occupied by regimental trips down the river, regimental drags to the races, regimental dinners to one another, regimental visits to the play, regimental strolls in the Row, regimental bicycles in Battersea Park? I fancy something of this kind has already been suggested. Then, if Barristers do not flock in sufficient numbers to the banners of the Lamb, the Horse, and the Griffin, why not throw open the ranks to wealthy persons—so to speak—fond of the leaders of litigation? Again I imagine some such plan has already been under consideration.

And, as I thought the matter over, I became gloomier and gloomier. So sad was I that I had to visit the adjacent cemetery, to revive, under the modified merriment of the place, into comparative cheerfulness. The mere recollection of the I. O. C. R. V. C. unmans me. It is better that I should pause, for I can write no more.

Pump Handle Court, July 12, 1895. A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.

THE CRY OF THE COUNTER.

(*By a Shopkeeper who had hoped better things of the Season.*)

GREAT Scott! Sold again! It's all up with the Season,
Though Summer *is* Summer, and Goodwood 's not gone!
We Shopkeepers hoped for good luck, and with reason,
For things did look bright. But once more we are done;
Done, clean as a whistle! A General Election!
Sprung on us, through BRODRICK, and cordite, and stuff!
A plague on both parties, a curse on each section!
Your M.P. 's a mooncalf, a muddler, a muff!

The weather was stunning; Death had not been busy
With Royalties—bless 'em!—and London was full;
And though of course ROSEBERY is not a DIZZY,
He *did* win the Derby, which gave him some pull.
The Parties kept wrangling,—but nobody bothered;
They didn't make progress,—but none of us cared;
Though LABBY played tricks, or SILOMIO pothered,
We stuck to our counters, unshocked and unscared.

And now, betwixt grass-time and harvest, the duffers
Fight over sheer fudge and kick over the show.
And so once again the poor Shopkeeper suffers.
A murrain on HARCOURT, a plague upon JOE!
For policy BALFOUR sets forth "Dissolution,"
And thinks he has scored. Had I temper, and breath,
And his ear, I could smash up his smart elocution.
His game's Dissolution,—to us it means death.

The fat 's in the fire, and the spark 's in the powder,
We 're in for a long spell of wigs on the green.
Our clients will scatter, and louder and louder
Will swell the fool-chorus of partisan spleen.
Sir BOTTLEBY SNIPE must be off beyond Humber,
And sweet Lady SPENDWELL goes Primrosing, south,
And I, poor shopkeeper, may just as well slumber,
With rage in my heart and my thumb in my mouth.

Oh, slaves of the shop, from Pall Mall to far Peckham,
Say, is it not time that *you* rose and rebelled?
The parties just play with us. Can we not check 'em?
By Jove, if one chorus of shopdom but swelled,
Like the working man's howl, on those Westminster wobblers,
The sweet little game they all play it might stop.
For Socialist dockers and Radical cobblers
They 've ears; but they 're deaf to the Cry of the Shop.

The rents, rates and taxes pile higher and higher,
The Stores undersell us—and cop ready cash!
The Hebrew monopolist, fiercer and slyer
Than tiger-cat, schemeth to send us to smash.
The landlord rack-rents us, and then pops the profit
He draws out of us into syndicate Stores!
I tell you the shopkeeper's life is a Tophet,
M.P.'s play at "Progress," and *we* pay all scores.

And then they ask me for my vote!!! Why, what guerdon
Have I for my votings these twenty years past?
Continual addition to back-breaking burden!
I say the last straw has been laid on, at last;
At least upon this individual camel.
To forward true Progress I don't think I'm loth,
But sick of prolonged Party trick, trap, and trammel,
If I had my wish, I would—*vote against both!*

THE MODERN IXION.—This mythological character finds his present representative in a shareholder Bound to the Great Wheel at Earl's Court. However, Ixion and his wheel went on for ever! In which case Modern Ixion ought to be an exceptionally lucky person.

"I SAY, OLD MAN, WHAT 'S THAT AWFUL ROW GOING ON NEXT DOOR?"
"OH, THAT 'S THE OMPHALE CLUB. THE LADIES ARE HAVING THEIR FIRST WHIST PARTY OF THE SEASON!"

THE NEW NORRIBLE TALE.

(From a Philistinish Point of View.)

AIR—"*The Norrible Tale.*"

'TIS a norrible tale I 'm going to tell
Of the frightful fortunes which befel
A family who late resided
In the same suburban street that I did.
O it is a norrible tale!
'Twould make a Maëterlinck turn pale,
With its frightful blend of the grim and glum,
Of fiddle-de-dee, and fi-fo-fum!

O they were a decent Philistine lot
Till they caught the contagion of "Tommy-Rot,"
That kind of mental, malarial fever,
Which floors the foolish and foils the clever.
O it is a norrible tale, &c.

This Influenza of the Soul
Haunted their house like some gruesome "troll."
(The family—which their name was GIBSON—
Knew all about such from the works of IBSEN.)

The father first felt the spell unholy,
And the man's demeanour grew truly "trolly."
He was—in Peckham—a Master Builder,
And he "carried on" with a drudge named 'TILDER.

The slavey said it was truly thrilling,
But struck for another—weekly—shilling.
"She was ready to thrill till all was blue,
But it *must* be reckenised in her 'screw!'"

His wife declared he was most inhuman,
And, for her part, she should turn New Woman!

So she grew—to him—an emotional icicle,
And mounted knickers, and rode a bicycle.

The eldest son, an athletic young fellow,
Who had gained his "Blue," took at once to Yellow.
"Muscle," he said, in a tone despotic,
"Is beastly vulgaw; good form's Neurotic!"

The youngest daughter, a blue-eyed fairy—
(Her pies were prime, and her name was MARY—)
Now took to cricket, and cigarette-smoking,
And manly manners in togs—and joking.

The eldest one, of a statelier carriage,
Conceived quaint notions about "Group-marriage:"
"Since man's a satyr, and brings satiety,
The only virtue is—in *variety!*"

Another girl took to writing novels
On dirt in "dossers," and vice in hovels;
Varying the same with Kiplingy verses,
With ingenious rhymes to street-slang and curses.

The youngest boy, who was "only a nipper,"
Contributed "Art" to the "Sixpenny Snipper,"
Which his sisters said was "supremely delicious,
As a blend of the infantile and vicious."

* * * * *

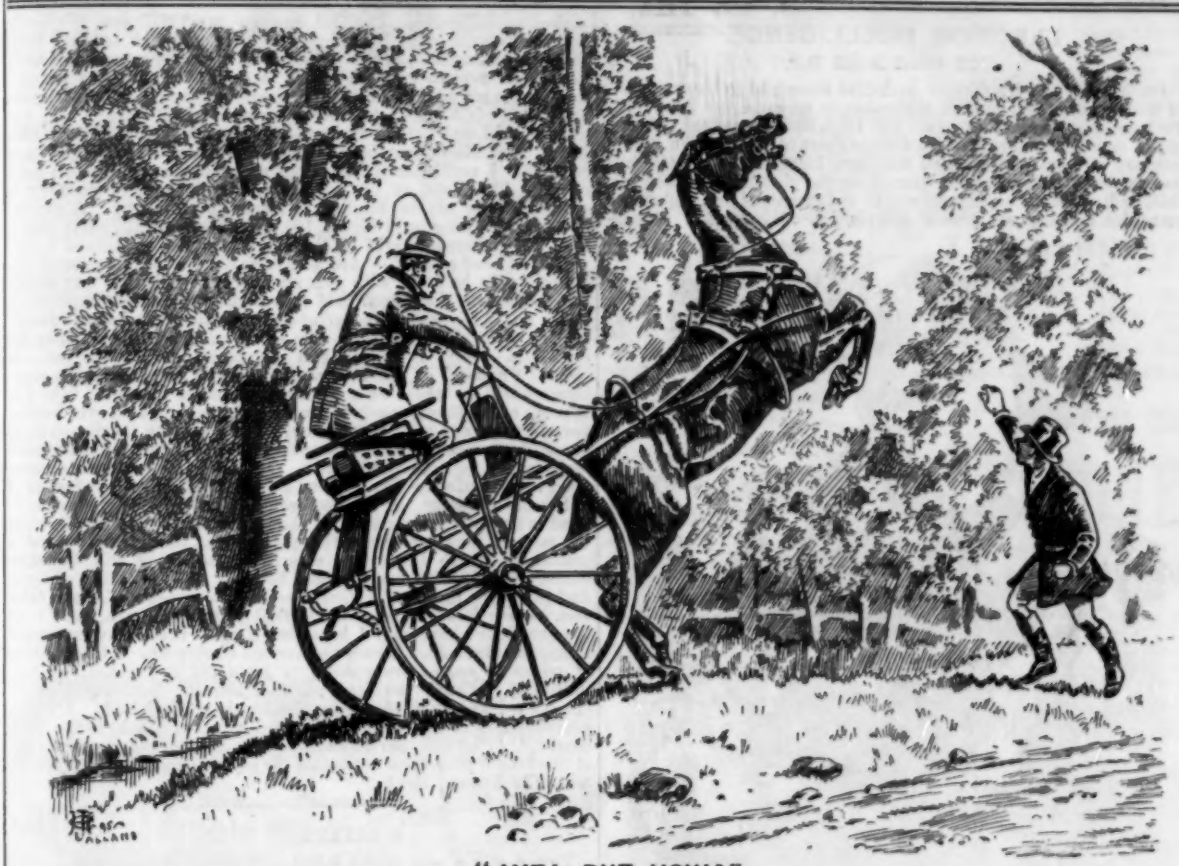
The father died of his drudge and drink.
The wife broke her back at a skating rink;
And as to the slavey, whose name was 'TILDER,
She "thrilled"—on street-preaching and rum—till they killed her.

The eldest son read NORDAU and LOMBROSO,
Till his brain went shaky—'twas always so-so—
He imagines himself a pot of mustard,
Of which egomaniacs are making a custard.

The youngest daughter 's an "Amazon Queen"
At the East-end Halls, and she 's loud and lean;
The eldest—whose freedom all bonds would sully—
Is tied to—and thrashed by—a pugilist bully.

The writer of sensuous snippety novels,
In Grub Street gutters forlornly grovels;
The "Boy Genius of Gehenna," of the babbling boasters,
Turns a very poor penny by Stygian Posters!
O it *is* a norrible tale!
And what do New Women and New Art avail?
Egomania-Tommyrotica is all 'a hum,
Half fiddle-de-dee, and half fi-fo-fum!

BANDS AND BOMBS.—How many Hungarian Bands are there about? There 's a "Real Blue Hungarian" (does this mean a "True Blue," good old Tory, Band?)—there 's an "Anglo-Hungarian," and a "White Hungarian." In fact, Hungarian Band "with variations." The Real Hung'ry-an'-Thirsty Bards are to be seen every night in the Feeding Places of the Indian Exhibition, Earl's Court, where, specially within the bowers of the al fresco Welcome Club, *can* be served a very good dinner which *may* be bettered; and, if you are a Lucullus, you *comme gourmet* will have to Look-ullus-where for it. [N.B.—To get this jest well received give the dinner yourself, and towards the middle of the feast try the jape. They 'll all laugh *then—mais après?*]



"AYE! BUT HOW?"

Squire (in dog-cart). "HERE! YOU FOOL! HOLD HIS HEAD!!"

MISONEOGYNY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—New Woman dead? Not a bit of it. Don't believe she ever existed. Never met her anywhere myself, and never met anybody who has. It's my belief there "ain't no sich person." Merely an idea or an influence, don't you know; and you can't shake hands, go into dinner, dance, or flirt with a poisonous influence, any more than you can with a bad smell. Whatever she is, though, afraid she's driven me into evil courses—rhymes. Here they are:—

Oh, where is that horrible modern monstrosity,
Where is the woman whom people call "New,"
Who thinks, speaks, and acts with such utter atrocity,
Tell me, oh where are the "women who do"?
Half angry, half sad (upon grounds sentimental) man
Begs the New Woman to stoutly proclaim—
"No longer a lady, and not yet a gentleman"—
Where are the creatures who own to the name?
This monster has, surely, no lasting vitality,
Only existing in fancy and print;
It is just an unlovely abstract personality,
Coin from the end-of-the-century mint.
And, therefore, in physical prowess and mental, man
Owns her supremacy, calm and serene,
Because the New Woman is like the "Old Gentleman," [seen.
Heard of more often—thank heaven—than

Shouldn't worry if I were "Misoneogynist." New woman fad nearly played out, only a black cloud floating across the blue sky of common sense. Nice idea, isn't it? Till cloud rolls by shall remain,

Yours cheerily, A BACHELOR.

THE "BOGEY-LAND OF SCIENCE."—From the *Glasgow Herald*:—

"The fourth meeting of the eleventh session of the Andersonian Naturalists Society was held at 204, George Street, Professor G. BELL TODD, M.B., C.M., President, in the chair. After the minutes of last meeting had been read, Mr. ARCHIBALD SHANKS exhibited an Ichthyodoru'ite of Gyracanthus."

Plucky of Mr. SHANKS, that! As the Gyracanthus is an animal with both a fin and a spine, and it was captured in Ayr, it must be a sort of flying shark. How on earth did Mr. SHANKS get it to George Street? It ought to be called "By George Street!" in future.

"THE COLONEL'S" PARADOXICAL PURPOSE.—To convert West Leeds into "NORTH Leads."

A TRUE SPORTSMAN'S TIP.

AT anti-gambling "spoil-sports," loudly
The "sportsmen" they would spoil are fretting.
Good friends, though you protest so proudly,
The *true* spoil-sport is—Betting!
Although it suit the baser sort,
What's sport to them is death to Sport!

"PICCADILLY SPORTS" is a headline conjuring up pleasant visions of races, and other jinks unconducive to the peace and comfort of law-abiding citizens—only authorised race in Piccadilly, the "purblind race of miserable men." Yet let no irate old gentleman storm the columns of the *Times* with a tirade against the police and County Council on this account. Because there happens to be another Piccadilly up north. *Hinc* (*Piccad*) *illi ludi.* We shall expect to be reading shortly of "Holborn miners out on strike," "Heroic rescue by the Pall Mall lifeboat," or "A serious affray with poachers at Paddington."

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

TOBY ONCE MORE M.P.

On Monday the Electors of Barkshire assembled in the great hall of their county town to elect a Member to serve in the Fourteenth Parliament of Queen VICTORIA. The High Sheriff presided. Owing to the constitutional rule which forbids Peers to take part in Parliamentary electoral proceedings, the Lord Lieutenant of the county was precluded from showing himself on the platform. It was said that, indisposed to be entirely out of so interesting and popular an event, his lordship was present disguised as a tide-waiter. Our representative, however, did not observe in the throng any person in nautical dress.

"Carried unanimously."

The hall, which was crowded to its utmost capacity, was gaily decorated with flags. Across the full length of the hall was suspended a banner bearing the proud device "BARKS'S IS WILLIN'."

Our esteemed ex-Member was accompanied on the platform by the principal county gentry of all shades of political opinion. On taking his seat in the front row of chairs, he was received with rounds of Kentish fire, made in Barkshire. Having been proposed and seconded in eulogistic terms, report of which he has expressed a desire we should suppress, the High Sheriff inquired if any elector desired to propose another candidate?

"I should think not," said a burly Barkshire farmer, ominously grasping a stout blackthorn.

After this no one seemed disposed to move, and the High Sheriff declared TOBY, M.P., duly elected. There were loud cries for the Member, who, overcoming natural and usually insuperable diffidence, got on his hind legs.

"Brother electors," he said, "it is an old saying, 'What Barkshire thinks to-day, England will do to-morrow.' Obviously some inaccuracy underlies the aphorism, since whilst you have to-day thought me worthy of being elected your Member, it's no use England coming round to-morrow and asking me to represent it in the Commons House of Parliament. This is the fourth time Barkshire has done me this honour; and base indeed is the man—(*A Voice*, '*Who pays*')—who could be insensible to such testimony of confidence and esteem. Brother electors—(*A Voice*, '*Who stole the Emperor William's uniform?*' *Disturbance at the end of the hall. Another Voice*, '*Chuck him out.*') No, electors of Barkshire, let him stay. If he is put outside, he loses the opportunity of observing your behaviour, and learning how gentlemen comport themselves when publicly assembled in discharge of a solemn duty. (*Loud cheers. A Voice*, '*That fetches 'em!*') I was about to observe, when our friend's feelings temporarily overcame him, that since I entered the room I have had a number of questions handed up to me. They are a little late, since I am no longer a candidate but am duly elected. That, however unusual the case may be, makes no difference. The first question is: 'Will you, if elected, see that every man in Barkshire over fifty years of age has three acres of the best land in the parish, with a cow for every adult child and a calf a-piece for each infant in arms?' Certainly; I hope I may live to see established those desirable conditions as between man and man. (*Cheers.*) Another esteemed friend asks: 'Do you understand Local Veto to mean that a man may go into the public-house, take his noggin or what not, and when asked to pay may refuse?' I could not if I tried put my views on the situation more clearly. The Veto, as you all know, is a Latin word meaning to *vote*, or, as we say in English, to refuse to stump up. A public-house is, according to 19 Vict. c. 190, a locality. Local Veto is, therefore, the inalienable right of the English citizen as defined by my friend. (*Loud cheers.*) 'Are you in favour of Equalisation of the Rates?' To be frank with you, my idea of rates is that they should be equalised to the extent that makes them absolutely impalpable. ('*No, no.*' '*Yes, yes.*' *Uproar under the gallery. Cries of* 'JUDAS!' *A free fight, during which a man was ejected, omitting to take his coat with him.*) Don't put him out; don't put anyone out. If there's a renewal of the interruption, form a ring round the man; then we will see where we are. Here's another question: 'Do you approve of Ice Creams made in foreign prisons smuggled over here in barrel-organs and ground out in our streets, ruining the digestion of our working men?' That is a question which hardly seems to need reply from a patriotic Englishman. But I will say—and you observe I say it emphatically—No. (*Loud cheering.*) 'Are you in favour of a Second Chamber, or do you go the length of Tenification?' That is a very nice question. It shows how deeply and intelligently the men of Barkshire study the questions of the day. It is not a matter on which I, for one, care to dogmatize; I will therefore content myself with saying, that between two and ten we might find the happy medium. (*More cheering, the audience rising to their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs.*) Now, gentlemen, that's all the questions I have, and I hope you'll agree that I have answered them frankly. Ah! here's another one coming up. (*A dirty piece of paper is passed from hand to hand till it reached the hon. Member.*) 'Could you lend me five bob till Saturday night?' (*Laughter, in which the hon. Member heartily joined.*) I think, gentlemen, it is time we now proposed a vote of thanks to the High Sheriff." (*This was carried unanimously, and the meeting broke up. A torch-light procession conducted the popular member to his family seat, The Kennel, Barks.*)

A LITERARY TURN.

THERE was a case in the Edinburgh Court of Session the other day, which shows what is thought of authors north of the Tweed—and not by publishers, either. A witness remarked of a "defender" that "he was of a literary turn of mind, and he thought that spoiled him." Many persons have had similar thoughts, but they have generally refrained from uttering them quite so bluntly.

Mistress HATHAWAY rejoiced in a daughter christened ANNE,
Whose proceedings she regarded with concern;
Quoth she—"That WILLUM SHAKSPEARE as a son-in-law I ban.
Why? Because he has a literary turn."

Growled Sir W-LL-M, on perusal of a certain *Life of Pitt*—
"Well, we all unquestionably live and learn;
But, in spite of DIZZY's precedent, I don't believe one bit
In a Premier with a literary turn."

Said W-LS-L-Y, when a recent work he blankly had surveyed—
"To answer this biography I yearn.
What an admirable soldier H-ML-Y might, perhaps, have made,
If he had not had a literary turn!"

"JUST ON THE CARDS."—Herr IFF's orchestra. In how uncertain a state of mind would a telegram from Herr IFF leave the giver of the entertainment who, having requested wire informing him whether Herr IFF and his band could come, should receive this reply: "*If can come will be there at hour stated.*" This supposes that some well-informed, grammatical, telegraphic young lady-clerk has corrected the spelling of "IFF." *A propos* of IFF, a complete entertainment would be a recital by the Veteran HOWE of WATTS' poems, accompanied by IFF's band; and a reading from *Le Château d'If*.

INTELLIGIBLE, BUT NOT CLEAR.—"I think," said Mrs. R.'s married niece, "that good singing is quite wasted on an ordinary evening party. Now I remember an evening when SANTLEY sang in a crowded drawing-room at our house, and *a pin might have dropped!*"

A DECISION. THE DR. G. TESTIMONIAL.—The *D. T.* is a good judge of popular sentiment, and, attired as a Judge, is *D. T. ermined* that '95 shall be remembered as "*the* Year of GRACE."

DR. MORTIMER GRANVILLE, in his book on "Gout," August, 1894:—"The Laurent-Perrier 'Sans-Sucre' is the best Champagne I have found for the Gouty. I find no residuum of sugar, while it certainly has no added alcohol."

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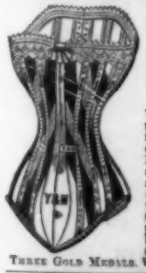

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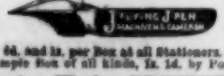

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